

Disclosure

by Fantasy Muffins

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Summary: She would look up into his smooth complexion, hoping for advice and the friendship she always so desired, and he would gaze back, longing hidden behind his mocking expression; she would never quite understand what he wanted, and he was incapable of giving in. Wherein Yona realises hidden truths, and Hak embraces them.

[AU]

Disclosure

**A/N:** Hello everyone! Here is our first story for Fantasy Muffins! Yay! *sounds the bells, brings the cake out, dances around. What, you want muffins?...dahell*

_ It's an Hakona fanfiction with *cough* slight intus of *cough* JeaKi...*swoons* _

_ Expect what the summary tells you: it's your not-so-typical-but-still-somewhat-classic highschool drama ;D_

Hence, enjoy the first chapter!

* * *

><p>Duplicity**

"I..." every stutter made it worse, every delicate glance to the ground unnerved her more and more, "I also..." Ayura and Tetora were nearby, but not too close; they waited several feet away, respectfully, but within earshot, and it annoyed Yona how they could be such dogs sometimes, "I also love Soo-Won."

There. The words were out, crumbling with the earth under the

relentless sun. Lili had her eyes semi closed, gaze still lowered ungracefully as she awaited Yona's response to her confession.

Of course did the young, scarlet-haired girl not take the news all to well; for years now, on end, had she been madly in love with her dear, beloved Soo-Won; saviour during her worst nightmares, her foundation and strength. Lili had known this; Yona's devotion seemed endless. Hell, Yona had even openly fantasized about her romantic wedding with the prestigious inheritor of the Gulfan Company. All the secrets they had shared, all the encouragement Lili had offered; the tender pushes towards Soo-Won, in order for Yona to initiate a conversation and gain more of the boy's affection.

It appeared like a waste of time, now, in hindsight, with the tears welling up quite dramatically. It felt like betrayal; her chest ached terribly, a horrible twisting of the heart and guts as if a knife had been plunged inside from the back. Not even the hushed words of "I'm sorry, Yona", and the painful looking facial expression Lili threw her way could console her.

It was betrayal. It was utter, terrible, backstabbing, throttling treachery.

There were a million things Yona could have thrown Lili's way that moment; she could have screamed and cried, told her all the things she felt then, but not a single utterance was capable of leaving her blushing lips. Nothing came, nothing left, not a sound was made.

"I really am sorry; It's just...I can no longer keep it a secret..." Lili seemed to be fighting for words; trying to find a way to explain her feelings and justify herself, but she, too, was having problems.

Before more terms were being exchanged, Yona had already legged it. As if struck by lightning, she jolted backwards, twisting her body around so that her feet were capable of taking her away. Lili disappeared behind her back as Yona chased down the lawn and towards a destiny she did not recognize herself. As long as she was capable of placing distance between herself and her so-called 'best friend', all was good.

How could this have happened? Why had it happened? She and Lili had been best friends since; may the gods know when. Childhood memories flooded Yona's brain; images of herself and a petite, dark-haired girl, laughing on the veranda, cooing about a certain mister Gulfan.

Soo-Won had not been the only topic they ever discussed, of course; there were countless things they liked to chatter about, as the daughters of overly rich businessmen and men of strong influence. There was a reason they visited the elite Academy of Kouka; and it was certainly not because of some hard-to-get scholarship.

Girls talked about what girls liked; and next to boys, it consisted of make-up and fashion, of gossip about some escapade by a fellow student and celebrities as well as TV-series they both enjoyed watching. Yona only remembered good things; a lot of smiles and laughter. Ayura and Tetora, sisters from a slightly lesser rich, but still very highly acknowledged family, had been by Lili's side since her earliest years of existence, having turned the duo often enough

into a quartet. Yona had liked them; equally had they been entrusted with her most intimate desires and wishes.

Of course, now that Yona's friendship with Lili was over (how else could it be? Now that they both were chasing after the same boy; it was an unspoken girls' codex), Ayura and Tetora would stay, evidently, by their original friend. Anger bubbled inside of Yona as she reached a barrier consisting of a few trees, leading outside of the school's perimeter. She did not need any of them; she had more friends that she would be capable to count on both hands.

Her running slowed down, feet now marching with determination as the tears ceased to flow; Yona was frowning, eyes turning into angry slits as she balled her fists. The vermilion-haired girl was stomping down the southern courtyard of the school, cursing her so called 'friends' and deciding to hang around with her other pals.

There was only one tiny detail she had forgotten to consider: she possessed no other friends. Lili, Ayura and Tetora had been Yona's sole reality, next to Soo-Won, for over half of her life. Or maybe less than half; fact was, except for the courteous small-talk Yona engaged herself into with other coevals, she owned no other close relationships. There were a hundred faces of a hundred girls currently on the lawns of the school, all familiar yet somewhat strange. Yona could name a few if she tried; could maybe even recall whom she knew from where, but otherwise...they were not really friends; she even remembered talking ill about the one or other classmate, who had surely not forgotten.

Chewing on her lip in frustration, Yona tried to withhold a sigh; was this really her reality? Had she never befriended anyone else after she had met Lili? Did this mean...she would be alone from now on? But...only losers hung out on their own during break. People who did not know how to socialize and were mostly...lower class. What would the public think of Yona once they saw her on her own? She felt her cheeks redden with shame; she had to make herself unseen this instance!

With quick steps, she crossed a small part of the lawn, disappearing into a niche she knew not many went to; sometimes, she and Lili had liked to spend their time there, in summer, when the heat of the sun got too much to bear. Here she would be safe until she had gathered her thoughts.

Breathing in slowly, Yona summarised her situation: Lili had her eyes set on Soo-Won; Yona's childhood love, which was the reason they could no longer be friends. Yona would not forgive her, of course; not even if she came back to her, begging for forgiveness. And she was to be removed from the guest-list of her future wedding. Such measurements had to be taken immediately.

Yona still felt her heart pound relentlessly within her ribcage; she had honestly not expected Lili to confess such a truth to her when the girl had asked Yona for a word shortly before the recess bell rang. It was too shocking to swallow at first; she felt dizzy, a little disorientated even. Was this real? Maybe Yona was stuck within a parallel universe, and in reality, she and Lili were still best friends, and Lili did not claim to 'love' Soo-Won "did she even know what true love was?

Because Yona sure did.

Instantly, her memories took her back to a summer not many years ago; it had been warm, yet not too hot, so Yona had been able to wear one of her favorite dresses. A white one, frilled at bottom and top, enhancing her youthful, promising body. She always took good care of her appearance, but whenever she met with Soo-Won, she put in extra effort, brushing her red curls a bit longer, styling her outfit a tad more adult-like. She had looked stunning â€" she knew, the way boys looked after her, from the envious looks in other girls' eyes, and she bathed in the victorious feeling of supremacy it gave her.

And once she had arrived at their meeting place, Soo-Won, her dear, wonderful Soo-Won, had told her how beautiful she was. Not pretty, cute or sweet â€" _beautiful. _The mere memory of it made Yona blush happily, and even a smile formed on her lips, previously twisted in anger.

_I am sure he never called Lili 'beautiful', _she told herself. She almost laughed at the notion - it was a thought too absurd to be even considered. Determined, Yona shook her head, the feeling of resolve strengthening in her chest. _Soo-Won and I are destined to be together. I have known him longer than Lili does, have always been by his side and know all about him â€" what right does Lili even imagine to have, claiming that she 'loves' him? How could she, without knowing him the way I do? Without having felt his affection, his attention? How would Lili know anything about true love?_

She did not. It was an answer as simple as that, rising from the depths of her mind, truth vibrating in every word. Yona felt reassurance resonating within her, and she lifted her chin up a bit without even realizing. Her right to Soo-Won, her true love, had not been shaken by her formerly 'best-friend's' claim. If anything, it had only been reinforced.

_She may think she loves him, but she does not, _Yona thought once again. She pressed herself away from the wall she had rested against, twisting her pretty head to inspect her uniform. _All good. _The thought did not only apply to her outfit, but to her state of mind as well. Now that she _knew _Lili did not, could not truly love Soo-Won, the sting of betrayal did not hurt as much.

_I must see the good in this, _Yona told herself. _With her silly 'confession', Lili has lost a friend â€" but I have gained the insight to her true nature. With an attitude, a personality like that, Lili will not even come close to gaining Soo-Won's attention, let alone love._

Before the repetitive thoughts could gain the notion of persuasion, Yona pushed the matter aside. It was over and done with, as much as her friendship with Lili. A fresh new start, was what she called it herself. _And why not? _Yona asked herself as she formed a smile with her shining lips, tinted by a decent lip gloss. _I can make new friends. It will be better than with Lili, Ayura and Tetora â€" much better! I will make friends who stick true to me, who do not trample over my feelings and dreams, but support me._

With her mind thus cleared and her shoulders straightened, Yona stepped away from the niche. Quickly, she wiped over her light purple eyes to hide any last traces of the shameful tears she had shed. Her

face felt barely swollen anymore, so she was ready to be seen again. She had to socialize, now, before anyone would notice she had actually spent some of her break time _alone_.

At midday, the southern courtyard was almost swarming with students. Seniors and juniors alike enjoyed the calm, elegant atmosphere granted by groves of lush green trees, the crowns spending shade for the benches beneath them. The greens were well-kept and orderly aligned, paths created efficiently, yet seamlessly from one oasis to the next. The air felt light and warm, and the chattering in the background was pleasant, even laughs were conducted in an orderly manner. Kouka Academy _was _a prestigious school, after all.

Yona closed her eyes for but a moment to take the calm in, reassuring the final currents of anger within her heart. _What a fine day, _she mused to herself. A scent of rose from nearby bushes swept her way, and her lips curled upwards a bit more. Refreshed and determined, she opened her eyes again, searching for the nearest group of students to chat with.

And there, only several feet away, was a fitting group. Three girls, in the same year as Yona, as judged by the colors of their ribbons, engaged in light conversation. They had pretty faces, though none matched the beauty Yona or Lili could claim to possess, but Yona cared little for such a fact right now. With sure, yet delicate steps, she walked over to them, opening her mouth at the first indication of speech-pause.

"Good day -" the words suddenly stuck in her throat. Yona almost bit her lip in anger when the girls' names, at least one of them, disappeared in the depths of her mind, leaving her mouth to hang open like an idiot. Aware of the curious, expectant looks, she finished after an awkward pause, "to you."

Her meek greeting was awarded with silence. The two blondes looked at her uncomfortably, shooting glances to the brunette in the center, who wore just as much of a puzzled expression. But manners were held high at Kouka Academy, so the apparent leader of the group worked up a false smile. "Good day to you, too. Is there something we could help you with?"

"And who would you be?" the blonde to her left, wearing a high ponytail, interjected with a smile as fake as her leader's.

The first question had already been bad â€" as if she was going to them for _help_. But if the first one had been a step on her foot, the second one was a slap in her face. _They do not.. know me?_

It was beyond ridiculous â€" Yona was exceptional, both inside and out. Lili and her friends had always reassured her of that fact. _But what if, _Yona slowly thought, _their words were lies back then already?_

She stood frozen in shock, but despite the silence this caused, the trio in front of her maintained friendly faces. Suddenly, the other blonde's lit up. She lightly tapped her left palm with the side of her right fist as if she remembered something. "Hey, aren't you one of Lili-sama's friends?"

This was too much. Yona felt her face pale instantly, except for the

heat burning on her cheeks. It didn't help the situation when the other two nodded in sudden agreement. And despite them now recognizing her, there was a certain distance the three girls seemed to take upon this news. Unknowingly, Yona took half a step back. _Lili's friend? _That _is what I'm known for? _The shame hurt almost more than the betrayal not an hour ago, and it took all of Yona's strength to hide her emotions behind a courteous mask.

"Ah, forgive me," she spoke with a voice a bit too cold, "I must have confused you with someone else. Pray excuse me." She ignored the three perplexed faces and turned on her heel, walking a casual pace towards the open corridors framed by arches. Nothing gave away the embarrassment she felt.

But her eyebrows were drawn together a bit too harshly for a carefree student, and there was a hint of fire in her eyes. Acquiring new friends would prove more difficult than she had expected.

* * *

><p>She twirled the pencil in a bored manner between her fingers, eyes half shut, her gaze focusing on nothing in particular. Somewhere in the background, the teacher was asking questions concerning the mathematical problem they were to concentrate on that lesson, but as always, whenever numbers came into play, Yona preferred to tune out. And with the most recent events of that day, it was not hard to lose focus and return to the sentiments of loneliness and abandonment.<p>

But as she had decided, with overwhelming determination, beforehand, she would make the best and most out of this cumbersome situation.

"So, if 'x' takes the value of 56, what will 'y' to the three most likely be within this equation?"

Suddenly, the red-head remembered a few girls she had met during one of the latest galas her father had organised; they had talked. There had been a progress in their relationship; a somewhat faint friendliness, not entirely bound to etiquette, that promised a more intimate bond if it were to be honed. She remembered them talking about transferring to Koukain in the winter. Now that had been a few months ago...if only she were capable of recalling their names and faces...

"Does no one know the answer?" She ignored the frustrated sigh of the teacher as he looked around, begging with his eyes for salvation, "Am I the only one who reads this book?"

Maybe she would find them tomorrow, during break, somewhere within the building, or around the gardens; maybe suddenly one of their faces seems familiar, then she would not have to struggle so much with _remembering_ them.

"Sir, _this_ guy's got a good-looking answer." Some boy in the back row commented not too enthusiastically, causing most of the kids within the room, except for Yona, to turn around on their seats and stare at the person.

Only curtly did Yona allow her eyes to wander, her mind to drift, as

she took a minuscule glance at some blue-haired boy with glasses, frantically attempting to hide his obviously correct answer, for the teacher later on confirmed it. Everyone was whispering, the teacher annoyed about the unnecessary commotion despite his elation about having at least one student who apparently cared about his future.

'It's just some nerd; who cares?' Yona thought with annoyance, for the chattering was hindering her from sorting out her thoughts and working on plans in order to keep her reputation up and going...

...But as what? What reputation did she even own? After the small stunt earlier on; with something aching to rejection from even the nicest kids she could find in school...was anyone actually willing to befriend her "no, she was not allowed to think in such a manner. It would only further pull her down and demotivate her, convincing her of lies; of course was she popular, those girls from before simply would not know how to deal with it. She would be just fine by tomorrow, she knew; a good night's sleep, a nice breakfast, some further collected thoughts, and everything would work out for sure.

* * *

><p>The next day brought sunshine, which surprised no one, for the weather forecast had predicted it. When the bell rang to indicate recess-time, Yona trudged across the corridor, a smile plastered across her lips whilst her eyes wandered towards the windows, from where she saw the magnificent scenery Kouka Academy always had to offer. Walking casually past a classroom, she heard laughter and giggles, which kind of sounded promising to her, so she halted and retraced her tracks, soon being flooded by the light from the open room.<p>

Inside were indeed a few girls, chuckling about as a boy stood upon one of the tables, his shirt hanging half-out of his trousers, a grin two miles wide spread across his face. He had several bean bags within his hands, juggling with talent as he began to walk across the tables, jumping from one top to the next. The present females were evidently highly amused, cheering silently for the boy to continue.

Yona saw him wobble on his feet, the strain hanging upon his brow as he tried not to glance at his shoes out of fear he might let those bags fall. Was he attempting to impress the girls? Did he want to date one of them? She would like to know the feeling; of a guy other than her Soo-Won attempting to win her heart, just to remind her that she was quite desired; but what was she thinking? Only Soo-Won's attention counted, any other guy's would always be ignored. Considering this, she most likely had boys flirting with her on a daily basis without her realising; it would not surprise her, honestly.

For a moment, Yona considered walking up to the girls, laughing along, asking what was up and thus initiating small-talk, yet right then, the blonde-haired juggler jolted off the table he had nearly fallen from, all bags secured within his hands as he threw a smile at the girls, waving before he left the room. The females were still blushing and chatting among themselves whilst he threw a soft smile

in Yona's direction before darting off past her.

She could only wonder about his sudden disappearance; yet as speedily as the questioning thoughts came, she discarded them, for they seemed too unimportant as to be given more consideration. Those girls were still in the room, and she could try initiating a conversation still...she would look casual nonetheless. Maybe they would even feel blessed by her presence.

Having a sudden tickle arise within her belly, Yona walked in, still smiling and seeming to be in high spirits when the countenances of the girls transformed drastically. Before Yona could even open her mouth to utter the first word, one of her classmates interjected, "Whatcha want?"

"Not so impolite." A second girl commented, smiling apologetically at Yona.

Yona returned the gesture, suddenly feeling nervous, which unnerved her. Why should she feel nervous? Everything was okay, this was easy, nothing to worry about.

"Funny guy, right?" The purple-eyed teenager began, her smile twitching as she felt the edges of her lips sting with pain; forcing happiness was never an easy task.

"Yeah...he always acts all funny and weird." Another girl commented, shrugging, before she walked past Yona quite hastily, "Hey, let's go to the fountain and cool down a little there." With rushed steps, she had left, her friends following without a single complaint.

Yona could have just followed; could have just asked which fountain they were going to, for there were several situated around the terrain, yet she felt her brain freeze and her body deny any action. They had disappeared so speedily, it would have been impossible to follow; and considering that Yona's shoes were quite new...it would not be worth the effort.

Sighing silently to herself, she turned and equally left the room, heading in the opposite direction of her classmates and simply letting the corridor guide her to her next destination. She felt all motivation seep out of her limbs at a frighteningly fast pace; making new friends was a lot harder than she would have believed. But why? Why did no one revel in her companionship? Were they not supposed to be like that? But what if all her glory had just been a fake imagination she had tried to convince herself of all these years?

The thought made her all the more glum. Yona sighed some more, twisting on her feet to turn another corner when she felt lightning strike into her body, every single muscle within her it paralysed.

There, not too many feet away, stood Lili; without her two guardian dogs, blushing madly at the ground whilst a rather nervous-looking Soo-Won stood opposite of her, scratching the nape of his neck.

"Well...what do you say?"

Yona knew she ought to run; hurry away before either of them saw her, all on her own. She already turned on her heel when she stopped, angered at her own silliness. _Why am I worrying about this? This is _Soo-Won_, not some stranger who does not know what fine company I am. _She almost laughed at herself, turning back to the two people she had known for years. _If anyone, it should be Lili to feel uncomfortable in my presence. She already seems nervous._

A sudden thought inspired a smile on Yona's lips. _I should show her right here and now whom Soo-Won truly belongs to. _Yona made a step forward, a greeting sitting on her lips already, when Soo-Won suddenly spoke again, causing her to freeze.

"Only if Saturday is fine for you, though." The smile on his handsome face twitched lightly. Was it disgust? Did he even have to force a smile in Lili's presence? The notion satisfied Yona.

But wait, what were they _talking _about?

Lili's blush deepened even further. She stuck a strand of her sleek, dark hair behind her red ears, looking stupidly at the ground and back up. "Y-yes, Saturday is fine, Soo-Won." A smile appeared on her face as she created eye-contact with the young man.

"That's wonderful!" Soo-Won's face lit up with the smile Yona loved so much â€" too bad it was not directed at her. Yona felt the ground beneath her disappearing as she slowly realized the course of events this conversation was taking. "Then I will pick you up by your house at eight. The dance party is close to my home, so leave everything to me. I'll make sure you'll enjoy yourself. Oh, and I will see you safely home at night, of course."

"Thank you, Soo-Won," Lili replied with a smile. Another blush crept up her face, and she looked down with a fluttering of her eyelashes. "And thank you for... for asking me out. I am looking forward to it."

Yona's body shivered in cold, yet her stomach felt inflamed. She barely noticed Soo-Won replying, "N-no need to thank me," with a blush forming on his precious face. Yona's knees gave in beneath her, but she caught herself before her expensive uniform could be dirtied.

The sudden movement caused both Lili and Soo-Won to turn their heads in her direction, and Yona had a sting in her stomach when she read their eyes: Lili's dark blue ones full of guilt, Soo-Won's brown ones filled with surprise.

"Yona." Lili's voice was but a whisper, yet it hit Yona like a train, making the red-head stumble back. Immediately, her former best friend shied back as well, taking a step behind Soo-Won.

And her dear, wonderful Soo-Won did nothing but eye her, surprised â€" uncomprehending even. He erected a smile, though not as genuine and lovely as the one he just granted Lili, raising his hand as a greeting. "Hello, Yona. How are you?"

Yona stared at him, her eyes burning with threatening tears. Her throat felt closed as her mind tried to understand what was going on. Repeatedly, her gaze shifted between the two in front of her, and

nothing could make the words she just witnessed unheard.

They have a date.

A startled sound broke from Yona's lips, and Soo-Won made a step forward, hand stretched out towards her, but the red-head turned away before he could recognize the look on her face. "I'm sorry, but I'm in a hurry, Soo-Won." She fled, not wasting even a single word towards the traitor hiding behind her love.

Her feet carried her through corridors and past classrooms, in a hurry she would not have allowed herself to take earlier. But with her mind clouded in pain and disbelief, Yona cared little for her new shoes. As she ran past a corner, she almost collided with a white-haired youth, giving him but a hasty apology without even looking. Rushing up the stairs to the gods knew where, Yona felt her stomach burn, and the tears in her ears finally spilled over.

_Betrayal. _The feeling she had more or less managed to suppress up until now came back to hurt her in full force. And not only had Lili dared to make inappropriate advances towards Soo-Won " _how else _would she have been able to gain his attention? - Yona's love had invited the traitor on a date.

A _date._ A true, real date. While she could not bear truly thinking about it, Yona _knew _she had not had a date with Soo-Won; at least not something they both officially _called _a date.

But did we even have to? Yona asked herself as she went through another corridor, slower than before. _Wasn't it obvious what we were doing? What we were? _At least her so-called friends had always assured that there was no question of her and Soo-Won being a couple, sooner or later. Whenever he had met up with Yona, Soo-Won had seemed happy and appreciative of her, showing gallantry towards the girl at any occasion.

But if it had been that obvious what they were _supposed _to be, why had Soo-Won asked Lili out on a date? And why had he looked at her with such a surprised expression? He should have _known _his actions were wrong, that he was betraying Yona.

Unless of course...

"Watch where you're going!"

The words reached Yona a second too late, and before she managed to lift her eyes up, she bumped into a student before her. The pile of papers he was carrying swayed dangerously, but the young man managed to regain his balance just in time. Bright blue eyes closed as a sigh left his lips, only for them to shoot back open to send Yona an accusing glare.

"I just told you to watch where you're going. Jeez, _that _is why I dislike rich, spoiled children."

"I-I'm sorry." Yona managed to stutter, trying her best to _not_ give away her feelings despite the crack in her voice. She could only hope the youngster in front of her was not too perceptive; but most people were not, anyway.

Yet apparently, she would be out of luck on this day, "What's up with you? You seen a ghost?" He quirked an eyebrow, moving slightly to the side so that he was capable of better facing her.

"N-No! I don't believe in those kind of things." She declared, despite this being a lie; Yona was absolutely convinced of the existence of other-worldly beings that invisibly made their way around this realm, "You're quite...young." She blurted out after closer expecting the round features of his face; he definitely appeared quite childish.

"Well what did you expect? Someone old?" The boy was evidently in a not too humorous mood, seeming even impatient as he conversed with Yona, "What's with you spoiled kids? Always got something to complain."

A faint blush dusted her cheeks as she lowered her gaze, trying to maintain her dignity, "Why do you keep saying that?"

"Saying what?"

" 'Spoiled' ."

Upon the question, her opposite entered into a room which had stood wide open to their left, placing the stack of papers on top of the desk. Once he had the obstacle removed, he turned back to Yona, calling from inside the room, "Because that's what you are; the daughter of a rich man who believes she is allowed to do whatever pleases her."

Feeling hurt by his words; for how else could it be? He was insulting her quite openly, the red-head closed in on the boy, "N-No I don't, but I do know that I have privileges, which isn't being spoiled; besides, aren't you also a 'spoiled child'?" Hands on her hips, she began to feel like a scolding elder.

He crossed his arms, once more raising a critical eyebrow at her, "No. I'm not that 'privileged'." with his fingers, he imitated quotation marks, thus mocking her previous statement without the hint of respect interlaced into his voice, "I come from a poorer family; I know what real life is like."

She blinked once. Then twice; suddenly, she blinked several times, in silence, without quite understanding what the male in front of her was implying. Viewing her stupefied expression, he sighed lengthily before raising his voice once more, "I am the son of Ik Soo; not some rich skunk that gets everything he wants without a single complaint. I work for everything I want."

"What has that got to do with anything?" She was losing patience, not understanding what exactly the boy wanted from her.

"You are Yona Tsuki, am I right?" He stated very plainly.

She blushed, "Yes, and?"

"You usually hang around with Lili An and her friends, am I right?"

Upon the mentioning of her former friend, Yona scowled quite unpleasantly, "Yes...and?"

"Did you two argue? You seem to be avoiding each other." He did not appear to be concerned; merely asked with annoyance and, seemingly, to prove a point.

"It's nothing..." Yona whispered, looking away.

"And now you don't have any friends, because no one likes you, which surprises you, right?" Before she could counter-argue and have a go at him, for her face was boiling with rage, he continued his monotonous speech, "_That's_ what I mean; you think you can just get what you need, anytime you need it. Well, that's not how life works. You get what you give."

"Are you implying that I deserve to be lonely?" She was on the verge of tears; it was getting increasingly harder to suppress her feelings, but she did not want to appear weak in front of him; she did not want to cry in front of a stranger; a terribly offensive one at that, but she could barely help herself.

Listening to the hurt within her voice, the boy must have felt sudden guilt arise, for his rather strict expression softened ever so slightly as his rigid posture loosened somewhat, "No...that's not what I meant." For what appeared to be the nth time that moment, he sighed, "Look; friends don't grow on trees, and when you're mean to others, they'll remember. You should start looking at things differently."

His words made little to no sense to her; he was uttering a whole load of gibberish that seemed absolutely pointless " she had friends, enough friends to last her a lifetime. She would not be lonely; and her argument with Lili was none of his business. She found it rude that he decided to stalk her; how else would he know about her situation?

"And before you ask; everyone here knows about you and Lili not getting along anymore. When suddenly two people don't hang around with each other anymore, people are bound to wonder."

This startled her; could he read minds? How would he have known what she was thinking? This started to scare her, which was the reason Yona gradually spun on her heel, deciding to simply leave the room, wordless, and never face the kid again that seemed to find joy in ruining peoples' mood.

Yet just as she was heading towards the door, Yona decided that some words of anger would be adequate; well, maybe it was rather her foul mood that demanded of her to vent a little so that she could dispel some of the stress she felt; at least she would not cry then, "Who are you to judge other people, anyway? Before complaining about me and my friendships, look at yourself."

She felt pride when his facial expression twisted to one of utter shock; he must have not expected such a comeback. Yona knew that, if she were not fast enough, he would most likely retort something back that would rather affect her, so she decided to seize the moment and leave, yet her feet felt heavy and resisted her desired action; her entire body was shaking, actually.

Before she had realised her own situation, the boy was holding out a tissue, looking past her as if he were embarrassed, or angry; probably both, "Yun." was his solemn comment.

"H-Huh?"

"You asked who I was; I'm Yun. Yun Soo." He appeared utterly annoyed.

Yona shook her head in confusion, "W-Why..."

"The tissue? Because you're crying."

Yona looked down, fazed. She hadn't even noticed the tears falling from her eyes, but as she saw the simple white cloth, folded several times, she felt the burning path the salty tears traced down her cheeks. Confused, she looked back up at Yun, who still had his gaze caught on the doorframe. "Take it." It sounded like an order, but Yun seemed to realize this himself, so he added what could be interpreted as a half-smile. "Come on."

Her body still shook, and for a moment, she was unsure what to do. Accepting a tissue from someone who had just insulted her did not seem right, but just refusing it somehow appeared wrong as well. The longer she looked at the offered item, the more uncomfortable she felt. Slowly, Yona reached out for the tissue. It felt rough against her fingertips, but she still lifted it up towards her face, patting away the witnesses of her pain. Her cheeks were flushed bright red, both in sadness and embarrassment " she had started to cry before him after all.

The sigh that reached her ears made Yona purse her lips. "And there you sigh again." She had meant to make it sound like an insult, but her voice broke, and another couple of tears fell down.

Yun shot her a glare. Something was evidently sitting on the tip of his tongue, something surely unpleasant, but he thought better and just shook his head. Still avoiding her eyes, he scratched the nape of his neck. "Sorry. I guess I overdid it, considering we do not even know each other."

"Yes, you did," Yona agreed with a nod, but after the look Yun shot her, she was quick to close her mouth again. She looked down on the tissue in her hands, now wet by her tears. Squeezing it, Yona pondered over what to do, but Yun released her from her uncertainty as he turned away.

"Anyway, it's not like it is my business what you do." He looked through the stack of paper, sorting some this way and that. "I can just tell you that if you keep treating others like that, you won't get the friends you want."

Yona had to bite her lip to keep herself from growling. "Do you always lecture people that much?"

The boy made a sound similar to a laugh. "It's what you do as a handsome young genius."

That was a statement she was unsure how to respond to. _He calls me

'spoiled' and yet says things like that. _It unnerved her, at the least, Yona realized as she inspected Yun a little more closely. Sure, he was good-looking, with strawberry blonde hair and large, blue eyes, but calling himself 'handsome' still struck her as... bold. Honest, true even, yet bold.

Suddenly, Yun looked back, his eyebrows furrowed. "Is there something you need?"

Yona averted her eyes, feeling strangely angered by a simple question as that. She was about to turn away, but something kept lingering on her mind. With a rather quiet voice, she asked, "What did you mean... by 'treating others like that'?"

Yun, who had just been setting his eyes back on his work, shot her a skeptical glance. But as Yona withstood him, albeit shyly, he turned around, a hand on his hips. "You don't even realize what kind of impression you made on people so far? It shouldn't be that surprising, though. Just think about it like this: For as long as you have been on this school â€" and, I presume, in all previous ones, as well â€" the only persons you interacted with were Lili An and her two friends. Tetora and Ayura... Shisen?" It wasn't a question directed at Yona, more a recapitulation of his own knowledge. Yun looked up in thought for a moment, then shook his head.

"Whatever. Since you come from similar backgrounds and shared similar interests, you never considered it important to interact with others. Instead, you lived in your own little world, and even went so far as to talk bad about others. Don't argue with me," he said as Yona opened her mouth to object, "everyone knows. And since they know you gossiped about them, of course they don't want to deal with you. No one likes being the stopgap."

Yona winced; his words hurt, even more so because she felt, after the recent events, that there might be truth in them. Yun's expression softened a bit, and he looked out of the window, thoughtfully. "So my point is: People have an image of you, most likely a lot different from the one you have from yourself. If you want them â€" anyone â€" to like you, you'll have to show them that you are different than they think. That you are someone worth befriending."

Her belly curled in heat and Yona's head snapped up. She stared at Yun, hurt and confusion plain on her face. There was a moment of silence, harsh and heavy, weighing both of them down. She was painfully aware of the truth in Yun's words, but it wasn't an easy truth to swallow, much less if she truly was the way he said â€" friendless.

Suddenly, the boy walked up to her, and Yona instinctively stepped back, until she was out of the classroom. Giving her a difficult-to-read expression, Yun said, "And now, I have to work. You'll have to fix your problems yourself."

Startled, Yona could only watch as he took the door and slid it to a close. Just before it hid his face, Yun looked back at Yona, and said with a very calm voice, "Oh â€" and you haven't thanked me for the tissue."

* * *

><p> AN:** Huhu, here goes nothing. Now, Yona faces loneliness, but how is this gonna work out? And where the hell is our smexy Hak-boy? To find out, you'll have to read the next chapter, and yeah, reviews would be awesome guys! Trust us, they totally motivate! So yes, if you enjoyed this chapter, leave behind a word or two just to show us you are there with us! Thanks! :P _

_ Until the next bite! *please don't eat us...it's just a saying*

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End
file.